



2

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucesters, solus.

NO W is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this Sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowr'd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merrie meeting,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde war hath smooth'd his wrinckled front,
And now instead of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes,
Nor made to courte an amorous looking Glasse:
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues Maiestie,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtailed of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfinit, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

A 2

By

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THE
TRAGEDIE
O F
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots against
his brother Clarence: The pittifull murder of his innocent
Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vsurpation: with the whole
course of his detested life, and most
deserned death.

As it hath been lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties
Seruants.

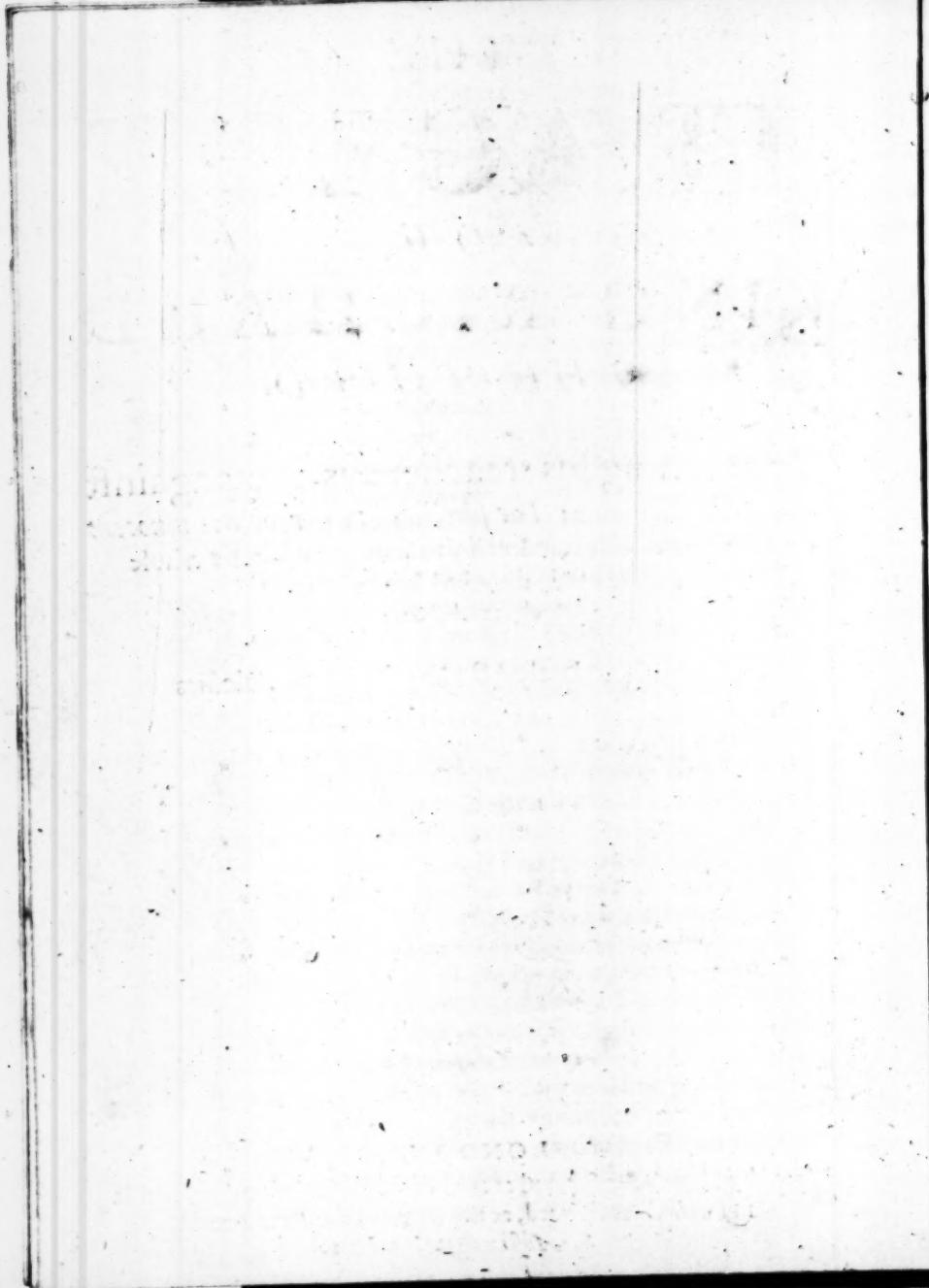
Newly augmented.

By William Shakeſpeare.



LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Purfoot, and are to be sold by Mathew Law, dwelling
in Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neare
S. Austin's gate, 1622.





Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

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By

The Tragedie

By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust
As I am subtile, false and trecherous :
This day shoulde *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
About a Prophetic which sayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.
Diu thoughts downe to my soule, Enter *Clarence* with
Here *Clarence* comes, a Guard of men.
Brother, good daies, what meanes this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers :
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christened in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He hearkens after prophesies and dreames,
And from the crosse-row plucks the letter G.
And sayes a wizzard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he,
These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his Highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered ?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe,

Cla.

3

of Richard the Third.

Cha. By heauen I thinke there is no man secur'd
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shores:
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie?

Glo. Humble complayning to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
I letellyou what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuerie,
The iealous ore-worne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubt them Gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this Monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me?
His maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so & please your worship *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We say that *Shores* wife hath a prettie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nougnt to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naughte with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knau, wouldst thou betray me?

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for
Your conference with the noble Duke. (bear)

Cha. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow sister,

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliver you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cla. I must perforne, farewell.

Exit Cla.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt neare returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes heere, the new deliuering *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this openaire,
How hath your Lordship brooke imprisonment?

Hast. With patience(noble Lord)as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt,no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And haue preuaill'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie has the Eagle should be mewed,
While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie;

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightyly.

Glo. Now by St. Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath keppan euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his Royall person,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Hast.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
Hee in to vrec his hatred more to Clarence, *With*

of Richard the Third.

With lyes well steeled with weightie arguments,
 And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
 Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
 And leue the world for me to bussell in :
 For then Ile marry *Warwick*, yongest daughter.
 What though I kild her husband and her father,
 The readiell way to make the wench amends,
 Is to become her husband and her father :
 The which will I, not all so much for loue,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her which I must reach vnto,
 But yet I run before my horse to Market :
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
 When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the boarfe of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honorable Lord,
 If honor may be shrowded in a hearef,
 Whillest I a while obsequiouly lament
 The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaster*.
 Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
 Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,
 Thou bloodles remnant of that royll blood,
 Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
 To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered sonne,
 Stabbd by the selfe same hands that made these holes :
 Loe, in those windowes that let forth thy life,
 I poure the helpelelfe blame of my poore eyes.
 Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
 Curst be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
 More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes vs wretched by the death of thee :
 Then I can wish to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
 Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
 If ever he haue child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious and vntimely brought to light :
 Whole vgly and vnaturall aspect
 May frighe the hopefull mother at the view,

The Tragedie

If ever he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miserable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee,
Come now towards *Chartley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe,

La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by St. *Paul*,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmannerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint *Paul* strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Avant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Sainte for charitie, be not so curst.

La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaines,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, bulsh, thoulumpe of foule deformitic,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'st, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or

of Richard the Third.

O earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessing for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man :
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when devils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe,

La. vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by dispairing shouldest thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is alive,

Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloody faulchion smoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her breft,
But that thy brother beat thee afid the poynct.

Glo. I was prouoked by her flanderous tongue
• Which laide their guift vpon my guiltie shoulder.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which never dreamt on ought but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant yee.

The Tragedie

L. Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt metoo
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.

Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.

Glo. The hiter for the King of heauen that hath him.

L. He is in heauen, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

L. And thou vnhit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

L. Some Dungeon. Glo. Your bed-chamber.

L. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

L. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a flower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lese deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?

L. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.

L. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from their cheekeas.

Glo. These eyes could never indure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

L. Blacke night overshad thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

L. I would I were to be revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be revenged on him that loueth you.

L. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him tha slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

L.

of Richard the Third.

L. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.

L. Name him. Glo. Plantagenet.

L. Why what was hee?

Glo. The selfesame name, but one of better nature,

L. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere. *Shee spitteth at him.*

Why doest thou spit at mee?

L. Would it were mortall poysen for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poysen from so sweete a place.

L. Neuer hung poysen on a fowler toade,

Out of my sight, thou doest infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweete Lade have infected mine.

L. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thes dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,

I neuer sued to friends nor enemie,

My tongue could never learne sweete soothing words.

But now thy beautie is propode my fee:

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,

Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made

For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,

Loe here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,

And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:

I laie it naked to thy deadly stroake:

And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

Nay, doe not pawle, twas I that kild your husband,

But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:

Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,

But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she lets fall the sword.*

Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me. *fall the sword.*

L. Arise diisembler, though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.

L. I have alreadie.

The Tragedie

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage; and you shold say H. 2.
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shal by accidentrie.

La. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are falle.

Glo. Then never man was true.

La. Well, well, purvp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. I hat shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall haue hope.

La. All men I hope haue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take, is not to give.

Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen to thy brest incloſeth me poore heart,
Were both of them, for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore ſupplicant may
But beg on fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeft conſirme his happiſtie for euer.

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would pleafe thee leave these ſad deſignes
To him that hath more caufe to be a mourner,
And preſently repare to Croſbie place,
VWhere, after I haue ſolemnely entreated
At Chertſie Monachrie this noble King,
And weare his graue with my repentaunce,
I will with al expediene duteſt you,
For diuers unknowne reaſons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone.

La. With al my heart, & much it loyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Trelſilt and Bartly, goe along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewelle,

La. Tis more then you deserues,
But ſince you teache me how to flattery you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewelle alreadie.

Glo.

of Richard the Third.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.

Ser. Towards Chertie noble Lord?

Glo. No: to white Fryers: there attend my comming.

Was ever woman in this humour wroed? *Exeunt. Manet G/o.*

Was ever woman in this humour wonne?

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What I that kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate;

With curses in her mouth, teates in her eyes.

The bleeding witneſſe of her harred by;

Hauing Gouſher conſcience, and theſe barres againſt me;

And I nothing to backe my ſuite withall;

But the plaine Diuell and diſembling lookeſ,

And yet to win her all the world to nothing? Hali?

Hath ſhe forgot already that braue Prince

Edward, her Lord, Whome I ſome three moneths ſince

Scab'd in my angry mood at Tewzbury?

A ſweeter and a louclier gentleman,

Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:

Yong, valiant, wile, and no doubt right royally,

The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.

And will ſhe yet debase her eyes on me,

That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,

And made her widow to a woefull bed?

On me, whose al noe equals Edwards moity,

On me that halt, and am unshapen thus?

My Dukedom to be a boggerly denier;

I doe miſtake my person all thiſe while.

Vpon my life ſhe finds, althoſh I cannot

My ſelfe, to be a maruaulous proper man,

Ile be at charges for a Looking-glaſſe,

And entertaine ſome ſcore or two of tailors

To ſtudie fashions to adore my body,

Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,

I will maintaine it with a little coſt.

But firſtlie turne you fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine our faire ſunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,

That I may ſee my shadow as I paſſe. *Exit.*

The Tragedie

Enter Queen, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maestie,
Will soone recover his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake certayne good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is purvnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet.

But lo it must be if the King miscarrie. *Enter Buck, Darby.*

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royll grace.

Dar. God make your Maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse R. hmond good my Lord of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shes your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not beleue
The envious slauders of her accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, whiche I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madame, good hope, his graces speakes chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madam we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

of Ridhard the Third.

And sent to warne them of his royll presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be.
I feare our happinell is at the highest.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.

Who are they that complaines vnto the King?

That I forsooth am sterne loue them not:

By wholy *Pau* they loue his grace but lightly

That fill his cares with such dissentious rumors:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, decease and cog,

Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,

I must be held a rankerous enemie.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,

But thus in simila truth must be abusde

By silken slie insinuating lackes?

Ri. To home in this presence speakes your gracie?

Glo. To thee that hast nor honestie nor grace.

When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,

Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague vpon you all. His royll person

(Whome God preferre better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:

The King of his owne royll dispuition,

And not provokt by any fater else,

Ayming belike at yous interiour hatred,

Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,

Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:

Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather

The grounds of your ill will, and to remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That wrens may prey where Eagles dare not perch,

Since every lacke became a Gentleman.

There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.

You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,

God graunt we never may haue need of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that we have need of you,

The Tragedie

Our brother is imprisoned by your meaneſ, My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie Held in conſumpt, whilſt many faire promotiones Are dayly giuen to eone blithoſe, That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raſide me to this carefull heighte, From that contein'd hap which I enjoyed, I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene An earnest aduocate to pleade for him, My Lord, you doe me shamefull iniurie, Falsely to draw me in theſe vilesuſpects,

Glo. You may denie that you were no the cauſe, Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Ris. She may my Lord, She may, L. Rivers, why who knowes not ſo? She may doe more ſirſthen denying that, She may helpe you to many faire preferments, And then denie her ayding hand therein, And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts, What may ſhee not? ſhe may, yeamarie may ſhee,

Ris. What marrie may ſhee? What marrie may ſhee?

Glo. What maky may ſhe? marry within King Edward A batcheler, a handfome ſtripping room, I wiſe your Grandam had a woful quachion to graunt

Qu. My L. of Glocſter, I haue too long borne Your blunt vpbraiding, and your bitter ſcuffing, By heauen I will requite his Maieſtie, tuo mucy in horne With thoſe groſſe malices I often haue diuided, I had rather be a country ſentinel, Then a great Queene with thiſ condition, To be thus taueued, ſcorneſ, and baited, Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene, at Margeſ.

Qu. Mar. And loſed be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee, Thy honour, ſtate, and ſcute is due to me,

Glo. What's threat you me with telling the King? Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I ſayd, I will auoch in preſence of the King Tis time to ſpeak, when paines are quittē forgoſt.

Qu. Mar.

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of Richard the Third.

Qu. Mar. Our duvel I remember them so well,
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Tewzburie.

Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a paek-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood shew him or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster,
And Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaille at Saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your mind, if yours forges,
What you haue been ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue been, and whre I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Qu. Mar. Which God revenge.

Glo. To figh for Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meedes poore Lord he is mewed vp:
I would to God any heart wort him like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leauethe world,
Thou Cacodeman, shere thy kingdome in.

Ri. My Lord of Glocester is thofe busid dayes,
Which here you vrgo to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So shold we now, if you shold be our king.

Glo. If shold be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose
You shold enjoy, were you this countries king:
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy being the Queen therof,

Qu. Mar. A little joy enjoyes the Queen therof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse.

The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharking out that which you haue pil'd from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, haue I being Queenes, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposid, you quake like rebels,
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. Bewesperish of what thou hast mard,
Thar will I make, before I lester goe:
A husband and a sonne that owest stand me,
And those bring home, all of your intelligence:
The sorrow than I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you surp'sit me.

Cle. The curse me noble father lade on thee, I do /
When thou didst crove his warlike brawes with paper,
And with thy scorne drawstrynes from his eyes,
And then to driuen him gaunst the Duke about:
Steep't in the blood of prettie Rocklands
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denouc'd against thee, are fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plague thy bloodie deed,

Qu. So iulf is God to righte innocencie.

Hest. O twas the foulest deud to slay that babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

R. Tyrants themselves weysidean it was reported,

Dor. No man but propheticid revenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then patient, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you smelting all before I came,
Ready to catch me through the thornes,
And turne you now your heards all on me?
Did Yorkes dread gods punishe so much with heaven,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdome losse, my woefull banishment,
Could all but answer for that peccyssh brast?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke causes?
If not by warre, by surfe die your King,
As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward

of Richard the Third.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like vntimely violences,
 Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
 Out liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe :
 Long maist thou liue to waile thy chidrenes losse,
 And see another, as I see thee now do regaine
 Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine :
 Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
 And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
 Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by.
 And so was thou Lord Hastings, when my sonne
 Was stald with bloody dagges, God I pray him,
 That none of you may liue your naturall age,
 But by some vnlucky accident cut off.

Glo. Haste done thy charme thou batefull withered hag.

Qu. M. And leave out shee? stay dog, for thou shalt heare
 If heauen haue any greevous plague in store, (me,
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee :
 O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
 And then hurle downe their indignacion
 On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace :
 The worme of conscience still beginnaw thy soule,
 Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
 And take deepe traysons for thy dearest friends,
 No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
 Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
 Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
 Thou cluish marks, abortiue rooting hog,
 Thou that wast feald in thy nativitie
 The slave of nature, and the sonne of hell,
 Thou flaunder of thy mothers heauie womb,
 Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call the not.

Glo. Then I cry thee mercy : for I had thought

The Tragedie

Thou hadst calld me all these bitter names.

Qu. Mar. Why so I did, but looke for no reply:

O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. Tis done by me and ends by Margaret. selfe,

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your

Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-

Why strewst thou suger on that boyled spider, (tune:

Whose deadly web infateth thee about?

Foole foole, thou shewest a knife to kill thy selfe,

The time will come when thou shal wish for me,

To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunchbacke toade.

Hast. False boaring woman, end thy frenck curse,

Lealt to thy harme shew no more charitie.

Qu. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you well seruid you would be taught your duty.

Qu. Ma. To serue me well, you all shoulde doe me dutie,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:

O serue me well, and teach your selues that dutie.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunaticke.

Qu. M. Peace master Marquelle, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stampes of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young nobilitie could iudge,

What were to loose it and be miserable?

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them;

And if they fall they dash themselues to peeces.

Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marqua.

Dorf. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,

Our ayry buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornest the sunne.

Qu. Ma. And turnes the sunne to shade, alas, alas,

Witnes my sunne, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright ouershining beames, thy cloudie wrath,

Hath in eternall darkenesse foulded vp:

Your aerie buildeth in our seaires neast,

O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charitie.

Qu. M. Vnge neither charitie nor shame to me,

Vncha-

of Richard the Third.

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charitie is outrage, lise my shame,
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage:

Buck. Haue done.

Q. Mary. O princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand,
In lignie of league and amitie with thee :
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curses never passe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.

Q. Ma. Hee not beleue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not doewith him, beware of him :
Sinne, death, and hell haueset their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that respect my gracious Lord.

Q. Ma. What doest thou scorne me for my gengle coun-
And loothd the diuell that I warne thee from ? (ell,
O but remember this another day,
When he shall spile thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a Prophetesse :
Lie each of you, the subtletie of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. Exir.

Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heate her curses.

Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees alibertie.

Glo. I cannot blame her by Godsholy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.

Hast. I neuer did her any to my knwledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hote to doe somebody good;
That is too colde in thinking of it now: but ther be
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid.

The Tragedie

He is frankt vp to fating for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Riu. A vertuous and a Cristianlike coniunction,
To pray for them that have done scath to vs.

Glo. So do I euer being well aduis'd,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Casf. Madame, his maestie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.

Qu. Catshy, we come, Lords will you goewithvs,

Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt Ma. Cis.*

Glo. I doe theewrong, and first began to braule,
The secret mischiefe that I set abroad,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whome I indeed haue laid in darkenesse:
I doe beweepe to many simple guls :
Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene, and her allies
That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleue me, and withall whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then fight, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs so doe good for euill :
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, stolne out of holly writ,
And seeme a Saint, when moft I play the Diuell.
But loſt here comes my Executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy floweresolved mates,
Are ye not going to despatch this deed ?

Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admittid where he is.

Glo. It was well thoughtvpon, I haue it heere about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place :
But firs, be fuddaine in the execution :
Withall, obdurate : doe not haere him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pitie if you marke him.

Exe. Tush, feare not, my Lord we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured :
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongus,

Glo.

of Richard the Third.

Glo. Your eyes drop my stony, when soules eyes drop teats
Hike you Lads, about your busynesse? And how *Extract.*

Sister Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes you Grace so heavily to day?

Cla. Oh, I haue past a miserable nighte,
So full of vgly lights, of gastiely dreames;
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a nighte;
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismal tertour was the time.

Bra. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.

Cla. Me thought I was imbarke for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, therewere knoked swardes England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull crimes,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloster stumbled, and in stumbling
strooke me (that thought to slay him) buer-boord:
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyse of water in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewelz,
Somelay in dead mens scull, and in sholeholes
Where eyes did once inhabite, therewere except
As twere in score of eyss reflecting gemmes,
Which wade the funie bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Bro. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe? vpon the bawnes A

Cla. Me thought I had: for still the envious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the empie, vast, and wandring ayre,

But

The Tragodie.

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to launch it in the sea.

Brok. A wakt you not with this sore agonie?

Cler. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferrman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome o' perpetuall night:

The first that there did greene my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what scourges for periurie

Can this darke moonarchie afford false Clarence?

And so he vanisht: Then came wandering by,

A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,

Dadled in blood, and he squeint ouercloud,

Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,

That stabb me in the field by Tewburie:

Seaze on him furier, take him to your torments,

With that me thought a legion of foule fiends

Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,

Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,

I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,

Could not beleue but that I was in hell,

Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Brok. No maruell (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Cler. O Brokenburie, I haue done those thynge,

Which now beare euidence against my soule,

For Edwards sake, and see how he requires me.

I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,

My soule is hearie, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God ghe your grace good rest;

Sorrow breakes seasons, and reporting howers

Makes the nighthe morning, and the noonetide night.

Princes haue but their tides for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toyte,

And forswefte imagination, for bail I fighwerte.

They often feele a world of restlesse care,

So that betwixt your tides, and low names,

There's

of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderer's either.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither ?

Exe. I would speake with Clarence, & I came hither on my

Bro. Yea, are ye so briefe ? (legs,

2. Exe. O sir, it is better be briefe then tedious,

Shew him our Commission; talk no more. *He riddeth it.*

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,

I will not reason what is meant thereby

Because I will be guilt leesse of the meaning :

Here are the keyes; there sit the Duke a sleepe;

Ile to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,

That thus I have resignd my place to you,

Exe. Do so, it is a poynt of wisedome.

2. What shall we say him as he sleepes?

1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly

when he wakes.

2. When he wakes,

Why soone he shall never wake till the iudgement day,

2. Why then he will say we stabb him sleeping.

2. The vrging of the word iudgement, hath bred

A kind of remorke in me.

1. What art thou afraid ?

*2. Not to kill him having a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.*

1. Backe to the Duke of Gloster, tell him so.

2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will

Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell. xx.

1. How doft thou feele thy selfe now ? (the

2. Faith some certaine dreggs of conscience are yet within'

1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now ?

2. In the Duke of Glosters purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,

Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe, ther's few or none will entertaine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe ?

The Tragedie

2. I le not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checkes him,
He cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detectes
Him, it is a blushing shamefull spirit that murimates
In a mans bosome; it sitts vpon full of obsecutes,
It made me once sell vpon a pece of gold that I found,
It beggers any man that keepest it: it is turned our of all
Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and every
Man that meanes to liue well, maketh vour to trusse
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

1. Sounds, it is eu a how ering elbow; perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the devill in thy minde, and beleue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thys figh.

1. Tut, I am strong in fustnes; he cannot preuale with me,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this gear?

1. Take him ouer the coaffet with the hilfe of my sword,
And then we will chop him in the Milmessey—but in the next

2. Oh excellent device, make a coppe of him, (voome:

1. Harke, he stirrs, shall I strike?

2. No, first lets reason with him. (Cle. anaysh,

Cla. Where art thou keeper, give me a cup of winc.

1. You shall haue winc enough by Lawe, (Cle. anaysh,

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou? (Cle. anaysh,

2. A man, as you are. (Cle. anaysh,

Cla. But not as I am, royall. (Cle. anaysh,

1. Nor you as we are, ioyfull. (Cle. anaysh,

Cla. Thy voyce is shunder, but thy lookes are humbles,

2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doost thou speake?

Tell me, who are you? wherefore comest thou hither? (Cle. anaysh,

Am. To, to, to. (Cle. anaysh,

Cla. To murther me? (Cle. anaysh,

Cla. You scarcely haue the heart to tell me so,

And therefore cannot haue the heart to doe it. (Cle. anaysh,

Wherein my friends haue I offended you? (Cle. anaysh,

of Richard the Third.

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconciled to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? what is my offence?

Where are the euidence to accuse me?

What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp

Vnto the frowning Judge, or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by course of law?

To thereteen me with death is most vnlawfull;

I charge you as you hope to haue redēption,

By Christs deare blood shed for our greeuous finnes;

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1. What we will doe, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is the King.

Cla. Erroneous vassale, the great King of Kings,

Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,

That thou shal doe no murther, and wilt thou then

Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?

Take heed, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,

To hule vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,

For false forswearing and for murther too?

Thou didst receiuie the holy Sacrament

To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1. And like a traitor to the Name of God,

Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade

Vnripist the bowels of thy Soueraignes sonne,

2. Whome thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou vrgē Gods dreadfull law to vs,

When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,

For in this sin he is as deepe as I.

If God will be reuenged for this deede;

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagene*,
The Princely Noue, was strooke dead by slice.

Cla. My brothers I haue, the Devill, and my rage,

1. Thy brothers loue, the Devill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.

Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hatenot me,
I am his brother, and I loue hym well :
If you be hirde for need, goe back againe,
And I will send you to my brother, Gلوcestre,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydinges of my death.

2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gلوcestre hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.

An. I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blesst his three sonnes with his victorious arme :
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid Gلوcestre thinke on this, and he will weepe.

An. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O, doe not slander him for he is kind.

1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murther thee.

Cla. It cannot be : for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie,

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thrallisme : to the ioyes of heaven.

1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cla. Haft thou then holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yes to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murthering me ?
Ah firs consider, he that set you on
To do this deede, will haue you for thiddeade.

2. What

of Richard the Third.

2. What shall we doe?

Cla. Relent, and save your soules.

3. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, fauge, and diuidish.

My friend, I spie some pittie in your lookes;

Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and intreat for me:

A begging Prince, what begger pitties uot?

1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He grabs him.*

Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.

2. A bloodie deede, and desprately performd,

How faine like Pilate woulde I wash my hand,

Of this most grievous guiltie murder done.

3. Why doest thou not helpe me?

By heaven the Duke shall know how slacke thou art,

3. I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother,

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,

For I repente that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*

1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.

Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:

And when I haue my need I muſt away,

For this will out, and here I muſt not ſtay. *Exiuit.*

Enter King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,

You peers continue this vntited league,

I euerday expect an Embaſſage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part to heaven,

Since I haue ſet my friend at peace on earth t

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand,

Difſimble not your hatred, ſwearē your loue.

Ri. By heaven my heart is purgd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I ſeale my true hear loue,

Hast. So th'riue I as I ſwearē the like.

King. Take heede you dally not before your King,

Leaſt he that is the ſupreame King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falſhood, and award

Either of you to be the other end.

The Tragedie

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Ric. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.

Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempte in this
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue been factious one against the other :
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.

Qu. Here Hastings, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vniolable.

Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kin. Now princely Buckingham sealsthou this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all durious loue
Doth cherishe you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart :
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peers, a happie time of day.

Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day.
Brother we haue done deeds of charitie :
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmisse,

Hold

of Richard the Third.

Hold me a foe, if I vnvittingly or in my rage,
 Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
 Tis death to me to be at enmities.
 I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
 First Madame, I intreate peace of you,
 Which I purchase with my dutious seruice.
 Of you my noble couulen Buckingham,
 If euer any grudge were lodg'd betwdeneyes.
 Of you my Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray of you,
 That all without desett haue frownd on me,
 Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
 I do not know that Englishman aliuine,
 With whome my soule is any lotte at oddes,
 Morethen the instant that is borne to night:
 I thanke my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
 My soueraigne liege I do beseech you Maistre
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offend loue forthis,
 To be thus scornde in this roiall presence?
 Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
 You doe him iniurie to scorne his coarte.

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heaven, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no one in this presence,
 But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reverst.

Glo. But hel poore soule) by your first order dide,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear,
 Some tardie criples bore the countermanund,
 That came too lagg to see him buried,
 God graunt that some leffe noble, and leffe loyall,
 Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blodd?
 Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
 And yet goe currant from suspition.

Emr. Darbie.

Dar.

The Tragedie

Dar. I boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,
Kin. I praythee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vntelle your highnesse grauynge,
Kin. Then speake at once, what it is thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (louersigne) of my seruants life,
Who flew to day a ryghtous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to deeme my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slave;
My brothen flew no man, his falle was thought,
And yet his punishment was swell death.
Whosued to me for him & who is soy rage,
Kneed at my leue and heid me by my side,
Who spake of brother-hood, who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forfike
The mightie warwicke and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Towrburie,
When Oxford had me downe he esuced me,
And said, deare brother, live and be a King?
Who told me when we bath lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lapp me,
Euen in his owpe armen, and gaue hit selfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance befull wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your cartes or your whyting waftiles
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vnjustly too, must graunt it you.
But for my brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vneo myselfe,
For him, peore soule, The proudest of you all,
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life.
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and your forthis.
(Exit.)
Come Hastings, helpe me to my clost, oh poore Clarence.

Glo.

of Richard the Third.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawnesse : markt you not
How that the guylie kindred of the Queene,
Looks pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it stilly vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company.

Exeunt.

Enter Dukes of York with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead ?

Duc. No boy. (breast ?)

Boy. Why do you string your hands and beate your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne ?

Girl. Why dost thou looke on vs and shake your head ?

And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castaways,
If that our noble father be alise ?

Duc. My prittie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King :
It is loth to loose him, now your fathers dead :
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you concludethat he is dead,
The King my Uncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whome I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Duc. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shalaw innocents,
You cannot geise who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can : for my good Uncle Glocester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheeke,
And bad me reliue on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Duc. Oh that deceit should stede such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therin may shame ?
Yet from my doggs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Uncle did dissemble, Granam ?

Duc. I Boy,

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noise is this ?

E

Enter.

The Tragedie

Enter the Queen.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dst. What meanes this scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dst. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatched my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limbes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cause have I
Then, being but mottie of my selfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drown the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you weep not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kinredes teares?

Gerl. Our fathers lesse distresse was left vnmeand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Give me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their current to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drown the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire *Lo. Edward.*

Amb.

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of Richard the Third.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo, *Clarence*.

Dns. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What slay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?

Ambo. What slay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?

Dns. What slay had I but they; and they are gone?

Qu. Was never widow had so deare a losse.

Ambo. Was euer Orhpanes had a dearer losse?

Dns. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?

Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are pareld, mine are generall:

She for *Edward* weepe, and so do I :

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she :

These babes for *Clarence* weepe, and so do I :

I for an *Edward* weepe, and so do they,

Alas, you three on me three shoud distrest.

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowe anurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloster, with others.*

Glo. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue caule others.

To waile the dimming of our shining starre :

But none can cure their harnes by wailing them.

Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,

I did not see your Grace, humbly on on my knee

I crave your blessing.

Dns. God blesse thee, and put mackenesse in thy minde,

Loue, charite, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me die a good old man.

That's the butt end of my mothers blessing:

I maruell why her grace did leauie it out?

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peeres,

That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,

Now cheare each other, in each others loue :

Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,

We arte to reapc the haruest of his soone:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,

Must greatly be preservid, cherisht, and kept.

Me seemeth good that with some littel traine,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht

Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

The Tragedie

Glo. Then be it so: and goe we to determine
Who they shall be that shraight hal post to Ludlow?
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To give your censures in this waightie businesse.

Ayf. With all our heart. *Exeunt amantes* Glo. Buck.

Buck. My Lord, who euer tourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behind:
For by the way lie ffort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,

Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
Like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. Cit. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
3. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe:
1. Hearre you the newes abroad?
2. I, that the King is dead.
1. Bad newes birlaby, seldom comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troubl someworld. *Enter another Citizen.*

3. Cit. Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edward's death?
1. It doth. 3. Then maisters looke to see a troublous world.
2. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3. Woe to that land thats governd by a childe,
2. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gauerne well.

1. So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.

3. Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then thistand was famously enrich'd
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Uncles to protect his Grace.

2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For

of Richard the Third.

For emulation now, who shall be neareſt,
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloceſter,
And the Queenes kindred haue and proude,
And were they to be rule, and not rule,
This ſickly land might ſolace as before.

2. Come, come, we feare the worſt, all ſhall be well.

3. When clouds appeare, wiſe men put on their cloakes.
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand :
When the ſun ſets, who doth not looke for night ?
Untimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All men be well : but if God tort it ſo,
Tis more then we deſerve, or I expect.

4. Truly the ſoules of men are full of dread :
Ye cannot almoſt reaſon with a man
That lookeſt not heauily and full of feare.

5. Before the times of change, ſtill is it ſo :
By a deuine iſtinct mens mindeſt miſtrayſt
Enſuing dangers, as by prooſe we ſee,
The waters ſwell before a boylſhouſt ſtormeſ :
But leave it all to God : whicheſt away ?

2. We are ſent for to the iuſtice.

3. And ſlowe beare you company. Enter Cardinall, Ducheſ of York. Qu. yong York.

Car. Laſt night I heard they lay at Northampton,
At Stonifſtratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be heere.

Dur. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince,
I hope he is much growne ſince laſt I ſaw him.

Qu. But I heareno, they ſay my ſoonne of Yorke
Hath ouertane him in his growth.

Tor. I mother, but I would not haue it ſo.

Dur. Why, my yong Couſin it is good to grow.

Tor. Granam, one night as we did lie at ſupper,
My Vnkle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quothe my Vnkle Glo.
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow ſpace :
And ſince me thinkes I would not grow ſo fast,
Because ſweete flowers are flow, and weeds make haſt.

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second

Dst. Good faith, good faith: the saying did no hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee.
He was the wretchedest thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.

Cer. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

Dst. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth it I had been remembred,
I could haue giuen my Uncle Grace a flout, (misd.
That should haue neerer touche his growth then he did

Dst. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry they say, that my Uncle grew so faw,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beeene a prittie iest.

Dst. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?

Yor. Granam, his Nurse.

Dst. Why, she was dead ere thou went hōme.

Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell whā told me.

Qu. A perillous Boy: go too, you are too firewēd.

Cer. Good Madame be not angry with the chuld.

Qu. Pitchers haue ears. Enter Dorset.

Cer. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,

What newes Lord Marques?

Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.

Qu. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.

Dst. What is the newes then?

Dor. Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dst. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

Cer. For what offence?

Dst. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,

Is all vñknowne to me, my gracious Lady.

Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to let:

Vpon

of Richard the Third.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse thownes
Welcome destruction, death and maffacre.
I see as in a Mapper the end of all.

Dur. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes btheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were lost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being feareed, and domestick broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franktis outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.

Dur. Ile goe along with you,

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My gracious Lady, go.

And thither bare your treasure and your goods,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Scale I keepe, and so herid to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come ile conduct you to the Sanctuarie. *Exaudi.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Duke of
Gloster, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.* (bez.)

Buck. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chambres.
Glo. Welcome dear Cosenthy thoughts soueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholie.

Prim. No Vncle, buse our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisom, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainteed vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diised into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguishe of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

The Tragodie.

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Gis. My Lord, the Maior of London comest to greate you.

Enter Lord Astry.

Lo. M. God blessey your Grace, with heale and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo. and thank you all,
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a flug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Hest.*

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord.

Prin. Welcome my Lord, what will our mother come?

Hest. On what occasion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie. The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peccyish course
Is this of her? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Periwaide the Queenes to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she denie, Lord Hastings go with them; or thanke how
And from her jealous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake memorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if she be abdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too fencelss to obhame my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the greatnessse of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place,
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannochase it.

Then

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of Richard the Third.

Then take him from them that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there.
Oft haue I heard of Sathanic men,
But Sanctuarie children never till now.

Cat. My Lord, you shall ouer-ryule my mind for onces
Come on Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe my Lord.

Exit. Cat. & Hast.

Pri. Good Lords make all the spredic haft you may.

Say Uncle *Gloster*, if our brother come,
Where shall we solemne till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it thinkst best unto your roiall selfe:

If I may counsell you, somday or two
Your highnesse shall repose you in the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Pri. I doe not like the Tower of any place:

Did *Julius Caesar* buildind place my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracie Lord, begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue recedified.

Pri. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?

Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.

Pri. But say my Lord it were not regifted, god A weyl
Methinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As were retaileid to all posterite,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wylc, so yong, they say do never liue long.

Pri. What say you Uncle?

Glo. I say, without Characters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, infiquite,
I moralize two meanings in oneword.

Pri. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did intich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what any Cousen *Buckingbess*.

Buck. What my gracious Lord?

Pri. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

slauant

F

Ille

The Tragedie

Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short sommers lightly besea forward spring.

Enter yong *Turk*, *Hastings*, *Cardinal*.

Bac. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *Turk*.

Prim. Richard of *Turk*, how fares our noble brother:

Tor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

Pris. I brother to our grieve, as it is yours:

Too late he diide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath losst much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our couesen noble Lo. of *Turk*?

Tor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath cut growne me faint.

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Tor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire couesen, I must not say so.

Tor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinfman.

Tor. I pray you Vnkle giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagges little couesen, with all my heart.

Prim. A begger brother?

Tor. Of my kind Vnkle that I know will give,
And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my couesen.

Tor. A greater gift? O that's the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle couesen, were it light enough.

Tor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.

Tor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?

Tor. I woulde that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How? Tor. Little.

Prim. My Lo. of *Turk* will still be croffe in talke:
Vnkle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Tor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnkle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders,

Buc. With what a sharpe prouided w^t he reason,
To mittigate the scorne he give his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe;
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along ?
My selfe and my good couesen *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord ?

Prim. My Lord *Prasctur* will haue it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe i nquiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare ?

Yor. Mary my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost :
My Granam told me he was murdred there.

Prim. I feare no vncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prim. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt. Prim. Yor. Haft. Dersman. Bifb. Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo : this litie prating Yorke,
Whas not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenuous, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well let them rest : come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deeplye to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way :
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make *William L. Hastings* of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the scate toyall of this famous Ile ?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he ?

The Tragedie of King Richard III

Cat. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth. I haue alwaies
But Well then no man but this would use such a device to him
Go gentle *Crasby*, and let him have faire off, alwaies. W. r. v.
Sound Lord Hastings how he standes affected. T
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing, Encourage him, and thinke him all our reasons
If he be leaden, Ic is cold, y unwilling, Be thou so too: and let him off yourself,
And giue vs notice of his inclination, For we to morrow hold decided counseil,
Wherein thy selfe shal highly be employed.

Glo. Command me to Lord Hastings, and him *Crasby*,
His ancient knoe of dangerous adverſaries, To morrow are let blood as *Banff* or *Caſtle*,
And bid my friendes for me of this good newes, Glue gentle Mistris *Sherw*, one gentle hilfe the more,

Buck. Good *Crasby* effect this busynesse boundly, C. My good Lords both with all the heade I may,
Glo. Shall we haue from you *Crasby* at vs sleepe? And C. You shall my Lord, as I made this *Buck Crasby*,
Glo. At *Crasby* place, there shal you finde vs both, Buck. Now my Deth, what shall we do, if we perceue

William Lord Hastings will not yeld colour complices, Glo. Chop off his head man, somwhat we willde, And looke when I am King, claime thow of me The Earledome of *Huntingdon* and the inuenables, Whereof the King my brother has stoo'd pellish,

Buck. He claime thes pretences by your Graces hands, Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnes.

Come let vs sup besimes, thus afterwards We may digle our complices in some forme,

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings, and to word him.

Mess. What ho my Lord, haue you a mesſenger?

Hast. Who knocks at the doore?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Shadue. Enter L. Plaist.

Hast. Whats a clocke?

Mess. Upon the stroke of ſixteene, that is to say, at ſix.

Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious night?

Mess. So it shoulde seeme by thow I haue to say,

of Richard the Third.

First he commands him to your noble Lordships service.
Haf. And then, *Mef.*, and then he sends you word,
 He dreame to night, the Boare had cast his helme,
 Besides he saies, there are two enemies left,
 And that may be determined at the morne,
 Which may make you and him to swarre the other,
 Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
 If presently you will take horse with him,
 And with all speede post into the North,
 To shun the danger that his soule dithines.

Haf. Good fellow go, returne to me thy Lord,
 Bid him not feare the separated counsels,
 His Honour and my selfe are at the one,
 And at the other is my servant *Catiby*,
 Where nothing can preece that toucheth vs,
 Whereof I shall no hand intelligence,
 Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance,
 And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond,
 To trust the meeknes of vnquiet shambers,
 Were to incencethe Boare to follow vs,
 And make pursue where he did make no chace,
 Go, bid thy maister rise and come to me,
 And we will both together to the Tyme,
 Where he shall see the Boare will vs kindly.

Mef. My gracious Lord, he tell him what you say.

Enter *Catiby* & *L. Hastings*.

Cat. Many good morrowes to thy noble lord. I am ready.

Haf. Good morrow *Catiby*, you are early stirring.

What newes, what access, in this our trouing place?

Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my lord,
 And I beleue twill never stande upright
 Till Richard wear the Garland of the Realme.

Haf. Who? ware the Garland & doest thou meane the

Cat. I my good lord, & he is stolne away (*Crown*).

Haf. He haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shold

Ere I will see the Crowne so foullye plaine (*ders.*)
 But canst thou tell me that he doeth hym now?

Cat. Vpon my knyfe my lord, and before you forward
 be.

The Tragdie

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therupon hysends you this good newes.
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must die at Penfret.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they haue bee ne still mine enemies :
But that lie give my voyce on Richard's side,
To barre my maisters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maisters hate,
I live to looke vpon their tragedie :
I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord ?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing that yet thinke not on it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratioues Lord
When men are unprepared, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fasilit out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray : and so twill doo
With some men else, who shinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man ?
Fear ye the Boare, and goe you lovprouided ?

Sian. My L. good morrow : good morrow Catesby :
You may iest on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like chese severall counses L.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And never in my life I do proef,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our stafe secure,
I would be so tryumphans as I am ?

Sia. The Lords of Penfret when they rode from Londen
Were iocund, and suppose de their stafe was faire,

And

of Richard the Third.

And indeed had no cause to mistrust :
 But yet you see how soone the day comest,
 This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
 Pray God, I say, I prove a needleless Edward,
 But come my L. shall we to the Tower ?

Haf. I go : but stay, heare you not the newes ?
 This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.

Sus. They for their truth might better ware their heads,
 Then some that haue accused them ware their hats ?
 But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Cat.*

Haf. Go you before, Ile follow presently.

Enter Hastings a Purfumer.

Haf. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee ?
Pur. The better that is please your good Lordship to ask.
Haf. I tell thee fellow, its better with me now,
 Then when I met thee last where now we mette :
 Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
 By the suggestion of the Queens allies :
 But now I tell thee (kepe it to thy selfe)
 This day those enemies are put to death,
 And I in better stafe then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your Honour good content.

Haf. Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that.

He gives him his purse.

Pur. God save your Lordship. *Exit. Pur.* *Enter a Priest.*

Haf. What sir Iohn, you are well met :
 I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise :
 Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*

Enter Buckingham. *(in his cap.)*

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
 Your friends at Pemfret they do need the Priest. *(priest?)*
 Your Honour hath no shruing worke in hand.

Haf. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
 Those men you talke of, came into my minde :
 What go you to the Tower my Lord ? *(priest?)*

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
 I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

Haf. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buc. And supper too, although thou knowest not:

Come

The Tragedie of Richard III

Come, shall we goe along? Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lord Rivers,

Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners to the Duke of York.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this

To day shalt thou behold a subject die,

For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you.

I know you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riv. O Poyntz, Poyntz, O thou bloody prison,

Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres,

Within the guilty closure of thy walles,

Richard the good herewas hooke to death,

And for more slumber to thy dismal soule,

We give thee vp our guyldeless blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curse is faine vpon our heads,

For standing by, when Richard stabb'd her soone.

Riv. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,

Then curst she Richard. O remember God, that I was sent

To heare her prayers for them axnow for vs,

And for my sister and her princely soone as I turned vii I beth

Befatisid deare God with our true blouds,

Which as thou knowest verayly muste spile.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limite of your lives is our.

Riv. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace,

And take our leaues, vntill we meeue in heauen. Exeunt.

Enter the Lordes of warre, followyd by the cardinals.

My. My Lords at once the cause why we are met,

Is to determine of the Coronation.

In Gods name say, when is this rayall day?

Bor. Are all things fitting for that rayall time?

Dav. It is, and let bus nomination.

Bif. To morrow then, I guesse a happy tyme.

Bor. Who knowes the Lord Prophets minde herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke?

Bi. Why you my L: me thinkis you shouldest know.

Bor. Who I my Lord? we know each otheres fynes.

But for our hearts, he knowes no man of mine.

Then I affirme: not I nev're of his, dianeyng of mine.

Lord

of Richard the Third.

Lord Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thankē his grāce, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation
I haue not founded him, nor he delivereſ
His grāces pleasure any way therēin:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalfe Ile give my voyce,
Which I presume he will take in good part.

Bisb. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe,

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and constaſt all good morrow,
I haue bene long a ſleepe, but now I hope
My abſence doth negleſt no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concludēd.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now paſtouerſt you part:
I meane your voyce for crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grāce.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Bisb. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you ſend for ſome of them.

Bisb. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded Hastings in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue consent,
His maifters ſonne as woſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As else I woulde be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie.

Bisb. Where is my L. Preacher, I haue ſent for theſe Straw-

The Tragedie

H.
His grace lookes chearefully and smooth^t to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirin,
I thinke there is never a man in Christendome,
That can lesser hide his loue or hate then he
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

D.
What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

H.
Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewne it in his face.

D.
I pray God he be not, I say.

G.
I pray you all, what do they deserve
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuisid
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

H.
The tender loue I bear your gracie my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doone the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death.

G.
Then be your eyes the witnessse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that Edward wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet *Sher*,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.

H.
If they haue done this thing my graciour Lord.

G.
If thou Preliefe of this damned strumpet,
Telst thou me off? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saine Paul,
I will not dinc to day I weare,
Vntill I see the same som^t see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me.

H.
Wo, wo, for England, not a whit for me. Ca. with H.
For I too fond might haue preuented this.
Stand did dreame the boore did race his helme,
But I disdained it, and did scorne to fye,
Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

of Richard the Third,

As loth to bear me to the slaughter-houſe,
 Oh, now I want the Priest that ſpake to me,
 I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
 As were triumphing at mine enemies;
 How they at Powfus bloodily were butchered,
 And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
 Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
 Is lightened on poore Hastings wretched head.

C. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſummons, he longs to ſee your head.

H. O monſterre flane of worldly men:
 Which we more hym ſee, then for the gracie of heauen:
 Who builds his hopes in time of our faire looks,
 Lives like a drunken Drayler on a maff,
 Ready with ev'ry and go-to-mable dowe:
 Into fould boundes of the deepest dowe:
 Come leade me to the blonda, bear him my head,
 They ſimile at me, then ſhould I be dead.

Enter Duke of Glouſter and Buckingham in armours.

Glo. Come coulen, canſt thou quide & change thy colour?
 Murther thy bridle in middle of a word,
 And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
 As iſt thou wer deliuaught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tur feare not me,
 I can counterfeite the ſtepe Tragidian,
 Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every ſide:
 Intending deſpeſuption, gaſtly looks
 Are at my ſervice like iuforced ſmiles,
 And bothe are readie in their offices
 To grace my ſtratagems.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.

Glo. Careſby overlookeþ the walles.

Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocence defend vs.

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Careſby.

The Tragedie

Enter Gascoyne with Hastings head.

Cæ. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vsuspected Hastings,

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him forthe the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian :
Looke ye my Lord Maior :
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts :
So smooch he danc'd his vice with shew of vertut,
That his apparent open guyl omitted :
I meane his conuerstation with Shreweswiche,
He laid from all attaunders of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerst shelterd traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, were not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloucesther.

Mayer. What, had he so? **Glo.** What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would agaist the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the vilaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our person safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire b'fall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. buck, haue well prosseded,
To warne falc traitors from the like attempts:
I neu'r looke for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Gloucesther.

Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our measing hinc pretencion,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timocrisly confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same.

Vnto

of Richard the Third.

Vnto the Cittisens, who happily may
Misconstrue vs in him, and wile his death.

Mrs. My good Lord, your graces word shall serue:
As wel as I haue seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both;
But Ile acquaint your durtious Citizens
With all your iust proeceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we will your Lordship here;
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buc. But sence you came too late of our intentis,
Yet witnessse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

Glo. After, after, Cousin Buckingham. *Exit Master.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall lines him in all post,
There at your meetest advantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edward's* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his houses
Which by the signe thereof was tearm'd so.
Moreover, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in chancie of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or louage heart,
Without controll listeth to make his ptey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnfatiate *Edward*, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had wares in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his liuements,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you knew my Lord, me brother liues.

Buc. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the O aror,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Wher: you shall find me well accompanide

The Tragedie

With reverend fathers and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three or four a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farwell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order [Ex. Buc.
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Scrivener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingross'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls :
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen hours I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Gatesby was it brought me,
The president was full aslong a dooing,
And yet within these five houres liued Lord Hastings
Vntainted, vnexamined : free, at libertie :
Here's a good world thewhile. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but layes he sees it not ?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nougat,
When such bad dealing must be scene in thought. Exit.

Enter Gloucester as one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens ?

Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,

The Citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of Edward's Children ?

Buc. I did : with the infariate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles : his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France :
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your fathet,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde :
Layd vpon all your victories in Scotland :
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace :
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie :
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch't, or sleightly handled in discourse :
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

of Richard the Third.

I bid them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God sauē *Richard*, Englands royll King.

Glo. And did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde eace on other and looke deadly pale :
Which when I saw, I reprehended them :

And ask the Mayor what meanes this wilfull silence ?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To bespake too, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrgdeto tell my tale againe :

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke infred :
But nothing speake in warrant from himselfe :
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, husked vp their caps,
And someten voyces cryed, God sauē King *Richard* :
Thanks louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to *Richard* :
And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blocks were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (speak ?

Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his bretheren come ?

Buc. The Mayor is heere : and intend somes feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie fure :
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand bewixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Iis build a holy descent :
Be not easie wonne to our request :
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst please as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.

Buc. You shall see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. Ex.
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here;
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. Enter *Catesby*.
Here comes his seruant : how now *Catesby*, what sayes he ?

Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To vilithim to morrow, or next day :

The Tragedie.

He is within with twoo reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation.
And in no worldly lute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercize.

Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Major and Citizen,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lette impouing them then our generall goodnesse
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.

Cat. Ile him what you say my Lord. Exit.

Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lew'd daybed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with twoe deere Divines,
Not sleeping to ingrolle his idle body,
But praying to match his wachfull soule,
Happy were England, would this gracieour prince
Take on himselfe the loueraignetethrone,
But sure I feare we shall never winch him to it.

Mar. Marry God forbid his grace should say vanitie.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What sayes your Lord?

Cat. My Lord he wondres to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before.
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

Buc. Sorry I am my noble master should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect love to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace,
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich. and two Bishop alst.

Mar. See where he stands betweene two Clergymen.

Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

of Richard the Third.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends :
But leauing this, what is your Graes pleasure?

Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.

Glo. I do suspect, I haue done some offence,
That seeme dilgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You haue my Lord : would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land ?

Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame Seate, the Throne maesticall,
The Sceptred office of your Ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royll House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stoeke :
Whilst in the mildenesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countreyes good :
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamie,
And almost sholdred in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfulness and darke oblivion :
Which to recover we hartily solicite
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the souveraigntie therof,
Not as Protector, Swteard, Substitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine ?
But as successiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne :
For this consoled with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by their yehement instigation,
In this iust sure come I to moue your Grace.

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,

The Tragedie

Or bieter to speake in your reproofe,
Bet fitterth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reunew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty tree,
Then in my greatneſſe couer to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmoothered :
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs a roiall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeat of maiestie ;
And make no doubt vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would lay on me :
The right and fortune of his happy ſtarres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.

Bac. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trifull,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that Edward is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by Edward wife,
For firſt he was contracted to Lady Lucy,
Your mother liues, a wiueleſſe to that view,
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betrothed
To Bon, ſitter to the King of France,
These both put by a poore pettitioner,
A care-craze mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dayes,
Made priſe and purchase of his luſtfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declemſion and loathed bigamie,
By her in thiſ vnlawfull bed he got,

This

of Richard the Third.

This Edward, whome our manners terme the Prince :
 More bitterly could expostulate,
 Saue that for reverence to some aliue
 I giue a sparing limit to my tongue :
 Then good my Lord, take to your roiall selfe,
 This proffered benefit of dignitie ?
 If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
 Yet to draw out your roiall strooke,
 From the corruption of a busynge time,
 Vnto a lineall true deriuied course.

Mas. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.

Cas. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.

Glo. Alas, why would you heape those careson me,
 I am vnfitt for state and dignitie :
 I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
 I cannot, nor I will not yeld to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
 Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
 Aswell we know your tendernesse of heart,
 And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
 Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
 And egally indeed to all estates,
 Yet whether you except our sute or no,
 Your brothers sonne shall never raigne our King,
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downefall of your houle :
 And in this resolution here we leave you,
 Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sware my Lord of Buckingham.

Cas. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their sute.

An. Do, good my Lord, leaft all the land doe rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care ?
 Well, call them againe, I am not made of stonnes,
 But penetrable to your kind intreats,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
 Cosen of Buckingham, and you sage grauermen,
 Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
 To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
 I must haue patience to endure the loade,

The Tragedie

But if blacke scandall or so soule fact reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bleise your Grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly Title
Long liue King Richard, Englands roiall King.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crownd?

Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:

Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentlie friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queenes mother, Ducheſſe of Yorke, Marques

Dorfes at one doore, Ducheſſe of Gloscoſter

at another doore.

Dus. Who meetes vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?

Dus. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulape that tender Prince there.

Qu. Kind ſister thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,

How feares the Prince?

Lien. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to visit him,
The King hath ſtraightly charged the contrary.

Qu. The King? why, who's that?

Lien. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord proteft him from that kingly title?
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me?
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.

Dus. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother.

Then

of Richard the Third.

*Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.*

*Liu. I doe beseech your Graces all to pardon me :
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.*

Enter Lord Standly.

*Stan. Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother :
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must goe with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royll Queene.*

*Qu. O cut my lace in funder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found
With this dead liking newes.*

Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your Grace ?

*Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wil overstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.*

*Stan. Full of wile care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to me sonne,
To meeete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.*

*Dos. Yor. O ill dispearsing wind of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauyed eye is murtherous.*

Stan. Come Madam, I in all hast was sent for.

*Dutch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the incliuine verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
Were red hotte steele to seare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me bewith deadly poysone,
And die, ere men can say, God saueth the Queene.*

The Tragedie

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.
Dus. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Him*is course,
When scarfe the blood was well wash't from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accusst,
For making me so yong, so old a widow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crosly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subiects of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one hour in his bed,
Hau' I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by histimerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father *Warwiche*,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pitie thy complaints.
Dus. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
Dus. Glo. Adue poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.
Dus. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Gothou to *Sanctuarie*, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie old yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrast with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Bucking-ham, Catesby, with other Nobles.
King. Stand all apart. Cosen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth his throne.*
Thus

of Richard the Third.

Buc. Thus high by thy aduice
And thy affiance is King *Richard* scared :
But shall wee weare these honours for a day ?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them ?

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

King. Ri. O Buckingham, now I doe play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed :
Yong Edward liues : thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gratioues loueraigne.

King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned Liege,

King. Ha : am I King ? tis so, but *Edward* liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,

That *Edward* still should liue true noble Prince.

Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull :

Shall I be plaine ? I wish the bastards dead,

And I woulde haue it suddenly performde.

What saiest thou ? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure,

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buc. Give me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positiuely speake herein :
I will resolute your grace immediatly.

Cat. The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles,
And vnrespectiue boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eyes :
Boy. high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whome corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempe him to any thing.

King. What is his name ?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

King.

The Tragedie.

King. Goe call him hither preſently,
The deepe revolving wittie Buckingham,
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſell,
Hath he ſo long held out with me vntirde,
And ſtops he now for breath?

-Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorſer
Is fled to Richmond, in thofe parts beyond the ſeaſ where
he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat. My Lord.*

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe:
Enquire me out ſome meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry ſtraight to Cleaſne daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I ſcare not him:
Looke how thou dreamſt: I ſay againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die.

About it, for it ſtands me much vpon,
To ſtop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I muſt be married to my brothers daughter,
Or eſle my Kingdome ſtands on brittle glaſie,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertayne way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that ſin plucks on ſin,
Teares falling pittie dwells not in this eye.

-Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. James Tirrel, and your moſt obedient ſubiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious ſouerigne.

King. Darſt thou reſolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deſpe enemis.

King. Why there thou haſt it, two deſpe enemis,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweete ſleepes diſturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon
Tirrel, I meane thoſe baſtards in the Tower,

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And

of Richard the Third,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them,

King. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.

King. Shall we heare from thee *Turrell*, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Yea my good Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I haere that newes my Lord.

King. *Stanly*, he is your wiuess sonne: Well looke too it.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawned,
The Earledome of *Herford* and the meuables,
The which you promised I should poſſeſſe.

King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if ſhe conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you ſhall anſweſe it.

Buc. What fayes your Highneſſe to my iuft demand?

King. As I remember *Henry* the ſixt
Did propheſie that *Richmond* ſhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy,

A King perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.

King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promife for the Earledome,

King. *Richmond*, when laſt I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curteſie ſhewed me the Castle,
And called it *Ruge-mount*, at which name I flarted,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw *Richmond*.

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, wharsa clocke?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.

King. Well, but wharsa clocke?

Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.

The Tragedie

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Jacke thou keepest the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the guing vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolute me whether you will or no?

K. Tis, but thou troublest me, I am not in the yaine. *Exit.*

Buc. Is it euē so? rewards be my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and begone
To Brookpark, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch-act of piaceous malacie,
That ever yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,
To do this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were fleshe villaines, bloody dogs,
Miting with tendernesse and compassion,
Wept like two children in their deuchs sad stories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forrest* girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foyre red Roses on a stalke,
When in their sommer beantie kist each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth *Forrest* almost chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villaine stopt,
Whilst *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of nature
That from the prime creation ever he framde,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring these tydings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he come. All haile my soueraigne Liege.

King. Kind *Tirrell*, and I happy in thy newes?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beger your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King

of Richard the Third.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle *Tirill*?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me *Tirill* loone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirill.*

Farewell till soone.

The sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bolome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goé a iolly thriving wooer. *Enter Catesby.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and still his power encræseth.

King. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his rash leviad army:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snails-pac't beggery,
Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ione, *Mercurie*, and *Herald* for a King.
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traitors braue the field. *Exiunt.*

Enter Queen Margaret sole.

Qu. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines hille haue I lurkt,
To watch the wayning of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to *France*, hoping the consequence

The Tragedie

Will prove as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.

Enter the Queen, and the Ducheſſe of York.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules lie in the airc,
And be not hxt in duome perpetuall,
houer aboue me with your arie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infane morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God ſue from luch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When diſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweet Son.
Duch. Blind fight, dead life, poore mortall living Ghoff,
Woes ſciane, worlds shame, graues dueby life vſurpt,
Reſt their v'reſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents bloud.

Qu. O that thou wouldſt as well afford a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſear,
Then would I hide my bones, ne reſt them heere:
O who hath any caufe to mourne but I?

Duc. So many miseries haue craid my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mure and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet. why art thou dead?

Qu. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,
Giu mine the benefit of ſignorie,
And let my woes frownes on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Duc. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didſt kill him.
I had a *Rueland* too, and thou holpſt to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadſt a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

of Richard the Third.

A hell-hound that doth huns vs all to death,
 That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
 To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
 That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
 Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,
 O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
 How do I thank thee, that this carnall-curre
 Preyes on the issue of his mothers bodie,
 And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

Dat. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
 God witenise with me, I haue wept for thee.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for teuenge,
 And now I cloie me with beholding it:
 Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward,
 Thy other Edward dead, to quite my Edward,
 Yong *Turk*, he is but boote, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my losse:
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
 And the beholders of this Tragické play,
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
 Vntimely smothered in their daskie graues,
 Richard yet liues, hel's blacke intelligencer,
 Only rescrued their factor to buy soules,
 And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
 Ensues his pitteous, and vpitied end,
 Earth gapes, hel's burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
 To haue him suddenly conveyed away.
 Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
 That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
 That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
 That botrel'd spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.

Qu. Mar. I cald the then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
 I cald thee then poure shaddow painted Queen,
 The presentation of, but what I was,
 The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
 One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below,
 A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
 A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble;

The Tragedie,

A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of every dangerous shot.
A Queene in least, onely to kill the scene :
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God sauе the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widdow :
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care :
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues :
For one commanding all, obeyed of none :
For one that scord at me, now scorn'd of me,
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurpe my place, and doest thou not
Usurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I slip my wearied necke,
And leauē the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yark, wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me sinile in *Frances*.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happiness with living woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dar. Why should calamite be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Qu. Windie attunies to your client woes,
Aieris succeders of intellate ioyes,

Poore

of Richard the Third,

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them have scope, though what they doe impart
Helpenot at all, yet doe they easre the hart.

Dur. If so, then he not longe tyme, goe with me,
And in the breath of bister words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothered:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclamations.

*Enter King Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.*

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dur. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughtres waetch, that thou haft done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where shold be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Princes that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers.
Tell me thou villaine slauve, where are my children?

Dur. Thourode shou'te, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauen's heare thefe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dur. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dur. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reprofe.

Dur. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And briefe good mother for I am in haft.

Dur. Art thou so haftie, I haue laid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not atlast to comfort you?

Dur. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:

The Tragedie

A greevous burthen was thy birth to me,
Teche and wayward was thy infancie,
Thy Schoole-duies frighthfull, desperase, wilde and furious,
Thy age confirnde, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That ever grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but *Humphry* houre, that cald your grace
To break fast once forth of my companie;
If it be so gratious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dow. Obear me speake, for I shall never see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dow. Either thou wil die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warne thou compe a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreme age shall perih,
And never looks upon thy face againes,
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more,
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My prayerson the aduersie partie fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spires of thine enemies,
And promise them successse and victory,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death ascend.

Qu. Though far more easie, yet much lessie spirke to curse
Abides in me, I say amena all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I have no inde sonnes of the roiall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daugter, *Richard*,
They shall be praying Nunner, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hitheis liues,

King. You haue a daughter cal'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, roiall and gratious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And Ile corrupt her maners, staine her beaurie,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vail of infamie,
So she may haue vsurpa from bleeding slaughter,

8

of Richard the Third.

I will confess she was not *Edwards* daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Qn. To save her life, I lie say she is not so.

King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.

Qn. And onely in that safety died her brothers.

King. Loe at their births good stars were opposite.

Qn. No to their lues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnawoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qn. True, when avoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were destinde to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Ki. Madam, so thrive I in my dangerous attempt of hostile

As. Intend more good to you and yours, (armes,
Then eser you and yours we're by me wrong'd.

Qn. What good is couered with the face of heauen,
To be discouered that can doe me good.

King. The aduancement of our children mightie Lady.

Qn. Up to some scaffold, there to loole their heads,

King. No to the dignite and height of honor,
The height imperiall tips of this earths glory.

Qn. Plaster my sorowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignite, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine.

King. Euen all I have, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qn. Be briefe, least that the proesse of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

Ki. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.

Qn. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

King. What doe you thinkie?

Qn. That thou doft loue my daugheir from thy soule,
So from thy soule didft thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I doe thanke thee for it,

Ki. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.

The Tragedie

Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her King?
King. Even he that makes her Queene, who should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, cuen I, what thinke you of it Madam?

Qu. How canst thou woe her?

King. That I would leame of you.

As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wile thou learme of me?

King. Madam with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, theron ingrane,
Edmord and York, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkerchaffe steeped in *Roulands* blood,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a storie of thy noble affer
Tell her thou mad'st away heruncle *Clarence*,
Her Vncke *Roy*, yea, and for her sake
Madelst quicke commuinance with her good Aunt *Ane*.

King. Come come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To waine your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shapé,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

King. Say that the King which may command intreats.

Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king fordid.

King. Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.

Qu. To waine the title as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her everlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title everlast?

King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?

King. So long as heauen and nature longshengeth.

Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Qu. But shew your subiect loathes such loueraingtie.

King

of Richard the Third.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

King. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.

King. Madam, your reasons are too shallow, & too quick.

Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,

Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurped.

King. I weare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no earth,

The George prophan'd, hath lost his holy honor:

The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Kightly vertue:

The Crowne usurpt, disgrac't his Kingly dignitie,

If something thou wilst sweare to be beleu'de;

Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

King. Now, by the world,

Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My fathers death,

Qu. Thy selfe hath thar dishonor'd;

King. Then by my selfe,

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misuselst.

King. Why, then by God,

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him,

The vnitie the King my brother made,

Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.

If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,

The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,

Had grac't the tender temples of my child,

And both the Princes had beene breathing here,

Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worme.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrong'd in time o'repast,

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Hereafter time for time, by thee past wrong'd,

The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,

The Tragedie

Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plaints to wayle it with their age:
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepaſt.

King. And I entend to prosper and repente,
So thrue I am in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my ſelfe my ſelfe confound,
Day yeld me not thy light, nor night thy refl.,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſults my happinesse and thine.
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Christian ſoule,
Sad defolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be avoided but by this:
It will not be avoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the attorneyn of my loues to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deſerue;
Urge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peevish fond in great deſignes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?

King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.

Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe to be my ſelfe?

King. I, if your ſelfe remembrance wrong your ſelfe.

Qu. But thou didſt kill my Children.

Ki. But in your daughters wombe lie buriethem,
Where in that nest of picerie there ſhall breed,
Selues of themſelues, to your recompiture.

Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true loues & life: farewell. Exit Qu.
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. Enter Rer.

Rer. My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coaſt,
Rideth

of Richard the Third.

Rideth a puissant Nasie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtful hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnsolu'd to beat them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of *Buckingham* to welco me them a shore.

King. Some light-foot friend, post to the D. of *Norfolk*.
Ratclif thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?

Cas. Heere my Lord.

King. Flic to the Duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villanie
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?

Cat. First mightrie soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuier him.

King. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leue straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me preterly at *Salisbury*.

Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*?

King. Why what wouldst thou doe there before I go?

Rat. Your Highnes told me I should post before.

King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what newes with you? *Ester Darby.*

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?

Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.

King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuered runnagate, what doth he ther'd?

Dar. I know not mightrie soueraigne but by guese.

King. Well sir, as you guese, as you guese.

Dar. Sturdvp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.

King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the swod vnswaide?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpotest?
What heire of *Turke* is there aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Torkes* heire?

The Tragedie.

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.

King. Vnlesſe for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wile ſeuolt, and flie to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtrut me not,

King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhips.

Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue their loueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie loueraigne,
Please it your Maiestie to give me leauē,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie ſhall please?

King. I, I, thou wouldſt begone to ioyne with *Richmonde*,
I will not truſt youſir.

Dar. Most mightie loueraigne,
You haue no caule to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I never was nor never will be falſe.

King. Well, go muſter men; but heare you, leauē behind
Your ſon *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads auſſurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gratious loueraigne, now in *Devonſhire*,
As I by friends am well aduertisid,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guisfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power encreaſeth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*,

He striketh him.

King.

of Richard the Third.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing bur songs of death.
Take that until you bring me better newes.

Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckingham's armie is dispers'd and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliff reward him for the blow I gave him:
Hath any well aduis'd friend gwen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?

Mes. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Lovell, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis laid my Liege are vp in armes.
Yer this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Britaine Nauie is dispers'd, Richmond in Dorsetshire,
Sent out a boar to ask them on the shore,
If they were his assittants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from Buckingham
Vpon his partie: he misstrusting them,
Houlst faile, and made away for Britaine.

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
To fight with forraigne enemies,
Yer to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thais the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Melford,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall barrell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the stie of this most bloudie Bore,
My son George Stanley is francke vp in hold,
If I revoult, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

The Tragedie

But tell me, where is princely *Richard* now?

Chrif. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford* wext in *Wales*.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Chrif. Sir *Walter Herber*, a renowned fouldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, sir *James Blunt*,
Ricard Thomas, with a valianccie crew.

With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their espurie,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him.
Tell him, the Queene hath basily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolve him of my mind,
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Buckingham to Exentio[n].

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Rivers*, *Gray*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for revenge, mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomefday:
This is the day, that in King *Edward*'s time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieast.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

of Richard the Third.

To turne their pointes on their maisters bosme:
 Now *Margarets* curse is fallen vpon my head,
 When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember *Margaret* was a Propheteise.
 Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
 Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
 Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
 Haue we marcht on without impediment:
 And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*,
 Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
 The wretched, bloodie, and vsurping Boare,
 That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
 Swils your warne blood like wash, and makes his trough,
 In your imboweld bosomes, this foule swine
 Lies now eu'en in the center of this Isle,
 Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
 From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
 In Gods name heare on, couragious friends,
 To reap the haruest of perpetuall peace,
 By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
 To fight against that bloudie homicide.

2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
 Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallows wings,
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, eu'en here in *Bosworth* field,
 Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.

King. *Norfolk*, come hither:

Norfolk, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Up with my tent there, heere will I lye to night,

L

But

The Tragedie

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor, Six or seven thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalions trebles that account,
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse partie want:
Up with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Let's want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Gives signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembroke* keepeth his regiment,
Good captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quartered, doest thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the King.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Good captaine *Blunt* beare my goodnight to him,
And giue him from me, this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.

Rich. Farewell good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his severall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrows businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie.
King. What is a clocke?

Cas.

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of Richard the Third.

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readinesse,

King. Good *Norfolk* hie thee to thy charge,
Vscarefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. *Catesbie.*

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Purseuant at armes
To *Stanley*: regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staves be sound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*,

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy *L.Northumberland*?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of *Surrey* and himselfe,
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my Guard watch, leaue mee,
Ratcliffe about the midft of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.

Richb. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by atturney bleise thee from thy mother,
Who praiers continually for *Richmonds* good,

The Tragedie

So much for that : the silent houres steale on,
And flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earely in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloudie strokis and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being scene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his Fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowed of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Ricb. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
He striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heanie fall,
The usurping helmer of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy Ministers of chaffisement,
Thus we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do command my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of prince Ed. Son to Henry the first.

Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heanie on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabs me in my prime of youth,
At *Tombesbury*: dispaire therfore and die.
To Ricb. Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

of Richard the Third.

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henryes* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the first.

Ghost to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my anointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me : dispaire and die,
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harry that prophelied thou shouldest be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
I that was walst to death with fulsome wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*,
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at *Ponfret*, dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

All to Rich. Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Riv*, *bosome*,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy daies.

Thinke on Lord *Hastings*, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake.

Enter the Ghosts of two yong Princes.

Ghost to K.R. Dreame on thy cousins, smothered in the
Let vs be laid within thy besome *Richard*, Tower
And weigh the downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To Ri. Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy,

The Tragedie

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queen Anne his wife.
Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That never slept a quiete houre with thee,
Now flieth thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.
The first was I that helpe thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that sent thy tyrrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltynesse :
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despair, despairing yeeld thy breath.

To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayed,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* falleth in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Give me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu : soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight :
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I :
Is there a murtherer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flicke what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I revenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That my selfe haue done vnto my selfe.

of Richard the Third.

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
 For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe :
 I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
 Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,
 My conscience hath a thousand severall tongues,
 And euery tongue brings in a severall tale.
 And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine :
 Perjurie, in the highest degree,
 Murder, sterne murder, in the dyreste degree,
 All severall sinnes, all vnde in each degree,
 Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
 I shall despaire, there is no creature loves me,
 And if I die, no soule shall pittie me :
 And wherfore should they? since that I my selfe,
 Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
 Me thought the soules of all that I murthered
 Came all to my tent, and every one did threat
 To morrowe vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is there?

Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I: the earely village cocke,
 Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
 Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
 What thinkst thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliffe I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night
 Haue strooke more terror to the soue of *Richard*,
 Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
 Armed in prooife, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
 Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
 Vnder our Tents Ile play the eweſt-dropper,
 To hearē if any meane to ſhrinke from me.

Enter.

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich.

The Tragedie.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and warchfull Gentlemen,
Thayou haue tane a tardie sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slepe my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boeling dreames,
That euer entred in a dromticke head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victories:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords!
Lor. Vpon the stroke of fourre.
Rich. Why then tis time to armes, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*)
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saintes and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne then him they follow:
For, what is hat they follow? truly gendemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One raisde in bloud, and one in bloud establisched:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base foule stome, made precious by the soyle
Of Englands chaire, wherc he is fally set,
One that hath euer beene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice wrad you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your painies the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wifes,
Your wifes shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quiesce in your age:

Then

of Richard the Third.

Then in the name of God and all the fighers,
 Aduaunce your standards draw your willing swords
 For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face:
 But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof,
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
 God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never train'd vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:

Tell the clocke there *The clocke striketh.*

Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shiue, for by the booke,
 He shoulde haue braud the East an houre agoe,
 A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be scene to day,
 The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
 I would these deawie teares were from the ground,
 Not shiue to day: why, what is that to me
 More then to Richmond? for the selfe-same heauen
 That frownes on me looke sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
 Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
 I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine,
 And thus my battell shall be ordered.
 My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
 Consisting equally of horse and foot,
 Our Archers shall be placed in the midſt,
 John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey
 Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
 They thus directed, we will follow.

The Tragedie

In the maine bastell whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſeſ
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkeſt thou not.

Nor. A good direſtion warlike ſoueraigne,
This found I on my tene this morning.

*Lockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and ſold.*

King. A thing deſiſed by the enemie,
God Gentlemen cuery man vno his charge,
Let not our babbling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that coward, vſe,
Deuideſe as firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, words our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

*His Oration
to his armie.*

What ſhall I ſay more then I haue infirld,
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of vagabonds, Raſcols and runawais,
A ſcum of Britaines, and baſe lackey peſants,
Whom their oecloyed countrey vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and affur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnrreſt:
You hauing landes, and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a pakrey fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our mothers coſt,
A milkeſope, one that neuer in hiſ life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in ſnow:
Loſſe whip theſe ſtraggers ore the ſeaſ againe,
Loſſe hence theſe overweening rags of Fraſer,
Theſe famiſhē beggers weary of theiſ liues,
Who bot for dreaming on thiſ fond exploiſ,
For want of meaneſ poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Britaines whom our faſhers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heirs of shame:
Shall theſe enjoy our landes, lie with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters, harke I hear their drum,

Right

of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves,
Wharsaies Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?

Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*,
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpe.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Gatesbie.

Cas. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolk*, rescew, rescew.
The King enacts more wondera then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richard* in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*

King. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

Cas. Withdraw my Lord, jle helpe you to a horse.

King. Slave I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Five haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain,
then retreat being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the
Crown, with other Lords.

Rich. God and your armes bid praised victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquirthes,
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heaven say Amen to all.

The Tragedie of Richard the Third.

But tell me, is yong George Stanley living?

Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in Lester Towne,
Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine ou either side?

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris, sir Robert
Brokenbury, and sir William Brandon,

Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclame a pardon to the sholdiers fled,

That in submission will returne vs,

And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,

We will vnite the white rose and the red.

Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,

That long hath srown'd vpon their enmitie,

What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?

England hath long beene mad, and scard her selfe,

The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,

The father rashly slaughtered his owne son,

The sonne compeld, beene butcher to the fire,

All this diuided York and Lancastir,

Dividied in their dire diuision.

Now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeders of each roiall house,

By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,

And let thy heires (God if they will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace,

With similing plentie, and faire prosperous daies.

Abate the edge of Traitors gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloudie daies againe,

And make poore England weepe in stremes of bloud,

Let them not live to tast this lands increase,

That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.

Now ciuell wounds are stopp, peace lives againe,

That shemay long live heare, God sy a'men.

FINIS.

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